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Providence Independent

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THE BEGGAR.

A TRUE STORY.

One cold windy morning, the last Sunday in December, 1849, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter, even for the season the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged pants and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a large, comfortably furnished room, with its glowing grate of anthracite, before which was placed a luxuriously furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man in a broad dressing gown and velvet slippers, reclined in a soft *fauvel* busily engaged in reading the morning papers. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded the door to be opened but the young master of the mansion, replied that it was useless—being no one but some thievish beggar, but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come to the fire," cried the young wife impulsively, "before you perish." The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. At his entrance Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half-frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee which, with abundant food, was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting upon his hands, apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you, but the man looked so wretched I could not bear to drive him away," and her voice trembled as she added, "you know that I take the sacrament to-day."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absences from home, I shudder to think. The man that is now below may be a burglar in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions in wax of the different keyholes in the room, so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want, even if the person behaved badly, and we knew it. But I will promise you not to ask another into the house." At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come Edward your skill can save him I know," said his wife, hastening to the apartment. The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed his wife's flying footsteps as she descended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet, where he had slipped, in his

weakness, from the chair on which Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad, white forehead, his closed eyes were bearded by long, raven lashes, which lay like long, silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate, equine nose and a square and massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife, anxiously.

"Oh no," it is only a fainting fit caused by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor, sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxim of produce, and added "he must be carried to a room without a fire in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was carried to a chamber, where the doctor with his own hands, administered restoratives. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him and he sank quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can, should he awake in my absence, give him beef tea and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor professionally as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards Dr. Maywood and his loving wife entered the gorgeous church of the "Most Holy Trinity."

Amid the hundred fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one inhaled in grace the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with lustre of youthful happiness yet. There was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The emine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivaled, but could not surpass, the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood as she moved with unconscious grace up the center aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young wayward, but generous man, who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintances.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect who had previously taken part in the services at the altar, rose and announced his text, the oft-quoted, but seldom applied words of the apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Dr. Maywood felt his brow flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity towards strangers and wished to give him a public lesson, but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks that his own guilty conscience had made the application in his particular case.

I have not the space, nor indeed the power to give any synopsis of the sermon, but it, combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy resolution in the mind of at least one of his hearers, so much so that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such attention as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for his kind attention he had received, which without doubt had saved his life.

"But I will recompense you will, for thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was wrecked on Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost, for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in the bank awaiting my order, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could neither get food nor rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years and then after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the

streets of a Christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate.

"My name is Arthur Willet," added the stranger.

"Why that is my wife's family name. She will be doubly pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what state is she a native?" asked Arthur Willet, eagerly.

"I married her in the town of B—."

At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of surprise, murmuring;

"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less astonishment, motionless as a statue.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood, excitedly addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"Oh no mystery, only this stranger is the image of my long-lost brother, Arthur." And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked if she recognized the relic.

"It is my father's gray hair, and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willet, and your brother."

Mary Willet Maywood fell upon the medicant's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Dr. Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in the sacred hour of reunion, saying to himself:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The Great Steam-Hammer.

"I have been told," said Mr. Dubious watching the great steam-hammer in the rolling mill, "that a good hammer-man can break the crystal of a watch with that thirty-ton hammer."

"Yes, sir," said the hammerman, "it can be done."

"I should like to see it," said Mr. Dubious eagerly feeling in his watch-pocket.

"I can do it sir," replied the man.

"And will you?" replied Mr. Dubious drawing out his watch. "Come, I am anxious to see it tried."

He laid his watch on the giant anvil plate. The hammer rose up to its full height, and the next instant all its ponderous weight, with a crushing force that shook the ground for an acre round, came down on the watch.

"There, sir," said the hammerman quickly, "if you don't believe that crystal is broken, just stoop down and you can see it sticking to the hammer."

Mr. Dubious swallowed a whole procession of lumps and gasps before he could speak.

"But I forgot to say," he exclaimed, "it was to break the crystal without injuring the watch."

"Oh yes," said the hammerman, "yes I know, I have heard that rubbish myself but its all gammon. I don't believe it. But you can break the crystal every time."

In Switzerland, for its seeming capacity, is probably the most wonderful dairying country in the world, the cattle of the various cantons are quite distinct. The owners generally arrange for an animal inspection when the best cattle for breeding are selected. The race is large, remarkably persistent in repeating the same characteristics, made hardy by mountain climbing, excellent for milk and for beef. It is believed if more known in this country they would take high place, as they are of the most thrifty habits, eating what is set before them and picking up a living in poor pastures.

Aim High.

It is aim that makes the man. Without an aim a man is nothing, so far as the utter destitution of force, weight, and even individuality among men can reduce him to nonentity. The strong gust and currents of the world sweep him this way, and that without steam or sail to impel, or helm to guide him. If he is not speedily wrecked or run aground, it is "more by good luck than good management." We have never heard a more touching confession of utter weakness and misery and these words from one singularly blest with the endowment of nature and of providence—"My life is aimless!" Take

heed, young man, of an aimless life. Take heed, too, of a low and sordid aim. A well-ascertained and generous purpose gives vigor, directness, and perseverance, to all man's efforts. A well disciplined intellect, character influence, tranquility, and cheerfulness within, success and honor without, are its sure concomitants. Whatever a man's talents and advantages may be, with no aim, or a low one, he is weak and despicable; and he cannot be otherwise than respectable and influential with a high one.

LOCAL HISTORY.

PROVIDENCE.

BY F. G. HOBSON, ESQ.

NO. VIII.

VILLAGES OF LOWER PROVIDENCE—EVANSBURG—SHANNONVILLE.

The principal villages of Lower Providence are, Evansburg, Shannonville, and Eagleville, at each of which village there now exists a Post Office. The largest of these villages is Evansburg. The land whereon this village now stands was purchased of William Penn by Edward Lane on October 20th 1701 and included a tract of 2500 acres extending on both sides of the Perkiomen from the lower limits of Evansburg near the Skipack creek, up as far as the Freeland toll gate. As before stated this place was then known as "Perkiomen," and was so called by the Lanes. In 1721 the St. James Episcopal Church of Perkiomen was first built, and over a century after this when the first Post Office was established here, it took its name from this venerable Church namely "Perkiomen" Post Office. This office was established about the year 1835, and Edward Evans who then kept store in a building situated on the premises now owned and occupied by Theo. Hallman, was appointed Post Master. About this same time the village began to grow and of course required a name.

This Edward Evans was a son of Owen Evans born 1769 and died in 1812. Owen Evans was quite an extensive land owner and was engaged in making guns for the U. S. Army, which were manufactured at what was lately known as Pechin's Mill. He appears to have been a leading citizen of the Township. He was married to Eleanor the 5th daughter of Edward Lane (not the original Edward Lane, but his grand son, Edward, who was the son of William Lane). The son Edward Evans was also a leading citizen, so that in honor of these men, especially in honor of the father Owen Evans, the village was named Evansburg, which name it still retains.

In the year 1827 the Post Office was removed to a shop which stood on the present public school house lot, and was kept by Isaac Casselberry. Here it remained for 2 years, when in 1829 it was removed to the Ridge Turnpike road to the store kept by William Frontfield who was then appointed Post Master. It remained there three years

Edward Evans who was the first Post Master built and moved to the store now occupied by Henry G. Schwenk. About the year 1832 when the Post Office was moved to his new store, he was reappointed P. M. Here it remained for several years, but as the labor of attending to the office was considerable and the remuneration almost nothing, Mr. Evans gave up his commission and the office of "Perkiomen" was abolished. The good people of Evansburg were then compelled to depend upon the Trappe Office then kept by Matthias Haldeman. When the Trappe Office was removed to the upper end of that village, a Post Office was again established at the old place, and for the third time Edward Evans was made Post Master. This Office was now named "Perkiomen Bridge."

It remained at the same place and retained its name until the year 1861 when an effort was made to remove it to the village of Freeland. The people of Evansburg at this time were also desirous of having a Post Office within their own borders and by uniting with the Freelanders succeeded in having the Perkiomen Bridge Office removed to Freeland, and in having a new Post Office established in their own village. This office was named Lower Providence, the name Evansburg having been already utilized as the name of a P. O. in Crawford Co., Penn. Wm. B. Shupe was appointed Post Master,

This office still retains its old name and has as the Post Master at present Samuel D. Shupe the son of the first official. Evansburg in 1832 contained 19 houses, in 1858 an inn, two stores, church, two mechanics shops and 24 houses.

This village was at one time known by a nick name of "Hustletown." This name clung to the village for many years. The origin of this name, tradition says, was in this wise; Two young bloods none the better for frequent libations, as they came along the road, at every village they passed, gave cheers for the name of the village. As they passed through Evansburg they looked in vain for something to tell them the name of the village. A short distance from the road they saw two persons "hustling" a method of "raffling" when one proposed "three cheers for 'Hustletown.'" They afterwards told their friends that they had come by way of "Hustletown." Hence the name was for some time applied to the village, although at present we seldom hear it.

Many historical events as well as celebrated persons are associated with the history of this village which will be treated at length hereafter.

The next village in importance in the township is Shannonville. It was first so called about A. D. 1823 when the first Post Office was established here. This village derives its name of course from the Shannon, a large influential and widely known family of colonial days. Robert Shannon was a native of Norriton in 1734 and was one of the Commissioners named by the act of 1784 establishing the county of Montgomery, to purchase ground, erect the Court House etc., for the new county. James Shannon was one of the wardens of St. James' Episcopal Church, Evansburg in 1721. Both of these persons are buried in the Episcopal cemetery Evansburg. Join Shannon Sr. who was one of the largest landowners of the township, and owned nearly if not all the land upon which the present village stands, was a man of more than ordinary attainments and it was in honor of his sterling worth that the village that now stands upon his land was named. His grandson Chas. P. Shannon still resides upon the old homestead. Before the village took its present name, the place was known as "Jack's Tavern" besides which there were then but two other houses, at that time. In the year 1858 the village contained 24 houses.

This village like its neighbor, was also dishonored by a nickname, and was known as "Hogtown." In his extensive farming operations Mr. Shannon raised large herds of swine, from which fact the nickname was applied. While the reputable and intelligent portion of the community recognized the post name it now bears, yet outside the vicinity, either from ignorance or for the humor of it, the bogus name for a time partially obscured the real.

In those days the establishment of a little Post Office was not, as in these heretofore to every part of the state the next morning.

There seems to have been at that day quite a mania in Lower Providence for nicknames, for in addition to "Hustletown" and "Hogtown" they had other localities of the townships nicknamed with such choice titles as "Frog Hollow," "Shitepoke Level," "Hard-scrabble," and kindred names, but they have gradually died out the march of civilization has obliterated them and there is no reason why these vulgar and outlandish misnomers should ever again be revived. Two of Lower Providence School Houses are to this day called respectively the Hollow School House and the Level School House, which is certainly a great improvement over retaining their rather vulgar qualifying description.

In this connection a good story is told by Mr. R. R. Corson of Norriton, concerning some of his army experience. It seems that Cap. Corson had been sent on a foraging expedition by Gen. Francis. While so engaged Gen. Patrick met him, and as there seemed to be some dispute in relation to the corn, Gen. Patrick asked for his name and where he came from.

"My name is Corson, I came from Pennsylvania" said the Captain. "Whereabouts in Pennsylvania?" asked the General. "Hogtown" said Richard, who always wears his humorous side uppermost. Next morning Mr. Corson was summoned before a Court Marshal, for indecorous language to a superior officer. The charges were read

and proved, and Mr. Corson was given an opportunity to defend himself. Richard said that he had only told the truth. He was born at a place that was known for miles around as "Hogtown," and further enlightened the Court that he was educated at Shitepoke Level. Major General Hancock, late candidate for President, was present, who substantiated Mr. Corson's statement. It is needless to say that the Captain was acquitted amidst the laughter of the Court. Some time since at an Army re-union held at New York, Gen. Hancock related this incident as one of the most amusing of his Army experience.

The author returns his thanks to D. Morgan Casselberry, Esq., and Chas. P. Shannon, for valuable information in relation to facts contained in this article.

Our New York Letter.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

NEW YORK, February 6th, 1883.

To-morrow the Lenten season begins and for that matter everybody I suppose is pleased that a period of rest for the weary pleasure seeker and ball goer has set in. A suitable finale to the Carnival season was the grand fancy dress ball of the Liederkranz Society, at the Academy of Music on Monday evening. It was the thirtieth annual ball of this famous society, and I am free to say that it was the only marked ball of the season worth seeing. The costumes were novel in design, rich in material, and magnificent in make up. There were diamonds by the basketful I might say, and the opening pageant was a masterpiece. The churches this year propose to attract people to penance and meditation by very elaborate musical programmes. In other words they intend to disguise the proverbial sack cloth and ashes as much as possible to make people take them up. In one leading Episcopal church which prides itself on its chancel choir a number of old manuscript works of Bach and other composers of sacred music are to be brought out. St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church will produce a different *Miserere* every Sunday evening, and in fact every church will have some special attraction. If under these circumstances people do not take to the road to Heaven, which is no longer narrow and thorny, but broad and well kept, they will never get there. Up to three or four years ago the theatres used to be very subdued during Lent. True, they all kept open, but the plays were familiar "old times" and the attendance used to be very poor. Now perhaps more care is taken to provide dramatic pabulum during the Lenten season than for any other term, and as a result, the theatres do a better business these forty days than perhaps during the preceding four months. There is not a manager at present who does not look forward to a better bank account.

I met a leading picture dealer the other day, on Broadway, and during a long walk had an extended talk with him on art and artists. "This is the season of the year" said he, "when art sales begin, but so far they have been pitifully bad. I attended a sale the other evening by one of our best auctioneers, who generally succeeds in gathering the best class of buyers about him. Well his sale that evening was a veritable slaughter. Compositions which ought to have brought three or four hundred dollars went for from twenty to fifty dollars—scarcely as much as the frames were worth. One little gem by a well known artist, a female head full of beauty, conception, fineness of drawing and charm of coloring, was picked up by a lucky fellow for eight dollars. The artist could have disposed of it a few weeks ago for one hundred dollars at private sale, but he thought it was worth two hundred dollars and hence sent it to the auction sale. Now the frame on that canvas cost thirty-five dollars, so you may imagine what the poor fellow of an artist lost on his work."

I recently called on an artist who during the past year or two has earned quite a reputation as a portrait painter. His price was \$200 a picture, and he had all the work he could do. His studio when I called was filled with canvases of all sizes, "but" said he, "there are no buyers. Times are very hard for us poor knights of the brush. Very rich people go abroad and buy Bougueras, Markarts, Meissoniers, and such like works, and pay all the way from two to twenty thousand

dollars for them. Here if a man does not paint from life, and particularly the nude, he cannot sell at all, and then if he gets a hundred or two for the work of perhaps a couple of months he may consider himself fortunate. Any hod carrier or longshoreman does better than that. I assure you, had I to begin life over again I would devote all my ability to the art of manipulating a pick-axe and shovel."

It is for this reason that so many artists lay aside the brush entirely and take up etching and engraving for the publishers. Here at least a comfortable living may be made, though to a man wedded to his art, this is perhaps merely a secondary consideration.

The Public School question which has been agitating the city for months has at last assumed a shape which is anything but pleasing to a large number of the teachers employed. The Commissioners of Education have decided to cut off the special teachers; the instructors in French German, Music, Drawing etc., and to reduce the salaries of the regular teachers. Then occurred a remarkable thing. The regular teachers had a meeting and decided to petition the Board to retain the special teachers, and to further reduce their own salaries so as to make up the requisite fund. Sympathy is generally extended to sufferers, but practical sympathy like this is indeed rare in these days.

One scarcely has an idea of the number of boys and girls, young men and young women, who are being sent to trade schools instead of to colleges. This shows that healthy common sense is growing among parents. We have too many clerks and book keepers, too many aspirants for honors in the professions, and too few trained, skilled artisans particularly in the high branches of handicraft. The Metropolitan Museum Trade School has recently been considerably enlarged. A lady now teaches the day class for women, for artistic decoration of leather, silk, satin and glass. To this is added a course of drawing and the use of color in preparing designs for industrial ornamentation. The founder of the New York Trade Schools who was formerly connected with the management of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, proposes as soon as practicable to open additional classes for practical instruction in tile laying and artistic stone cutting, and another well known art worker proposes to give full and thorough instruction in working in brass and other metals. Nor are the less artistic trades neglected. Several large furniture houses, carriage factories, car and other machine shops take up young men and give them practical and thorough instruction. As this is bound to grow there will soon be no necessity of importing skilled workmen from France and Germany for our fine work, and we will have an American industry of our own which is above the necessity of being protected.

A Humorous Dog.

The following anecdote may interest the readers who are accustomed to observe the characteristic action of dogs. "I can vouch for its accuracy, as I was an amused eye-witness and several members of my family were also present, and have often told the story. A friend of ours and his wife were spending a musical evening with us, and an old black English terrier, who belonged to the house, had been in the drawing-room, which was up-stairs. The dog had been kindly noticed by our friend, who was partially lame from paralysis. On leaving the drawing-room, the dog followed him to the top of the staircase (we, with his wife, were waiting below in the hall,) and with cocked ears and tail stood gravely watching his slow, limping descent. When the invalid was nearly at the foot of the stairs, the dog began to follow, limping on three legs (he was quite sound) in humorous imitation of our afflicted friend, and this assumed lameness was gravely kept up till he arrived on the mat. It was impossible to repress a smile, though our politeness was at stake, and the unconsciousness of our friend added to the difficulty."

An Irishman who had been contending that a mule was a nobler animal than a horse, said that a mule had once saved him from drowning. "How was that, Paddy?" asked one of the bystanders. "Faith, he gave me such a lick with his hind leg that he landed me on the other side of the canal instead of in it."

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TRAPPE, MONTG., CO., PENN'A.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, February 15, 1883.

Our thanks are due to Senator Sutton and Representative Davis for valuable public documents.

The bill abolishing the office of Seal of Weights and Measures, presented some time ago in the State Senate by Senator Sutton, of this county, passed finally, last week, and was sent over to the House for concurrence.

The Providence Sunday Star is of the opinion that Congress could rebuke polygamy in Mormonism with better grace were certain features of official life at Washington less disgraceful. That opinion is a solid one.

On Tuesday next the voters will have an opportunity to "shoot" in the interest of either good or bad local government. The matter of selecting the right men to fill township offices is not a trifling one. Considerable responsibility is centered therein.

The Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture estimates the wheat crop of the State at 22,425,000 bushels, from 1,495,000 acres. Returns from fifty-nine counties report an increase, varying from two per cent. in Schuylkill to forty per cent. in Lancaster, over the yield of 1881, while a decrease of from one to ten per cent. is shown in seven counties.

There is talk of fencing in McClure of the Philadelphia Times, for the reason that the State cannot hold McClure and Pattison, at large. This is rather a novel idea. But it would require a ten-foot-high barbed wire fence to meet the requirements of a successful experiment. However, Aleck's periodical outbreaks of volcanic vengeance, not being curable, should be accepted as endurable.

The faith cure evidently has reached its climax in Beaver county. A minister in West Middlesex owns a dog that had been paralyzed in its hind legs for three years. A few days ago some strange dogs chased a rabbit across the minister's lawn, and the paralyzed dog, thrown into a fever of excitement, leaped through a window, joined in the class and caught the rabbit. Beaver county is entitled to the medal.

Geo. F. Merredith, one of the editors of the Times has been nominated for Burgess of Norristown. Honors of this kind are not to be sneezed at, and the Times company should attach to itself, in its usual modest way, increased encouragement. The Times may yet secure a position of influence and emolument at Washington for one of its representatives. In the meantime our brethren of the Times should "hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve."

Lumber is now being manufactured from straw, the standard size being thirty-two inches in width, twelve feet in length, and the thickness the same as the average of surfaced boards. One ton of any kind of straw will yield 1,000 feet of boards that may be handled as ordinary ones. This lumber can be produced and sold in competition with wide walnut at about one-half the price of the latter.

There is no doubt that the habit of carrying concealed weapons is at the root of most of the crimes of violence chronicled from day to day. If men had not a weapon at hand when they become incensed, they would not cut or shoot. If they had to seek a weapon in nine cases out of ten they would not make themselves criminals. Again, many of the distressing accidents that cloud families and cut short precious lives are due to keeping loaded weapons in homes, where they are likely to be handled recklessly.

SENATOR SUTTON from this county, recently introduced a bill into the State Senate for the purpose of defining the terms of office of the Managers of the Insane Asylum at Norristown, the object being to reach a definite term with regard to the members appointed by city councils and by the county commissioners. As the act is now, practically they cannot be removed. There are eight of them appointed by the city councils and by the county commissioners of the counties of Chester, Delaware, Montgomery, Bucks, Lehigh and Northampton. The bill, although a judicious one, was indefinitely postponed by the Senate. Nevertheless Senator Sutton deserves credit for introducing the wholesome measure.

A STARTLING illustration of the intolerable injustice that may be perpetrated in the way of confining sane persons in Insane Asylums is furnished in the statement made by the Erie, Pa. physician who has just been re-

leased from the Dixmont Lunatic Asylum after eight years imprisonment. He says that he was cured of the derangement that caused his confinement within two years after his commitment to the asylum, but that it was impossible for him for six years thereafter to recover his liberty, or even to obtain a hearing. He was not permitted to see the superintendent, and the keepers paid no attention to his protests and entreaties. The letters that he wrote never went out of the asylum. He says that sixty sane men are now confined in the same institution.

As we go to press: The Star Route Trial at Washington continues; Phipps is still in Canada; Page is acting Controller of Philadelphia by decision of the court; Jay Gould controls another telegraph line; the western floods are subsiding; the dailies are giving Mrs. Langtry a rest; one of Ben Butler's wandering eyes is seeking the gallery; according to Talmage, every human being winks about thirty thousand times a day; and—the managers of this paper from the editor to the "devil," are infected with the epizooty.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1883.

All the recently defeated senators have been here during the last week, also some of their newly elected successors. It is a little curious to note the not altogether new fact that capital rather than brains and fitness constitute the distinguishing qualifications of the successful candidates. Mr. Windom goes about rather depressed. It has been said that Mr. Blaine takes a large share of the credit of his defeat because Windom refused to let Blaine have his votes at Chicago, but I do not know how much interest the late planned knight took in the matter. It would hardly seem, if he is still a candidate for President, that he could afford to go around taking revenge. Windom's big new house was a very important factor in defeating him. It is curious how great a mistake it is for a senator, especially towards the close of a term, to build a grand house in Washington. It is equivalent to saying that he looks upon himself as a permanent citizen of Washington, and is always construed to mean that he has given up virtually his citizenship at home and has no use for his own people except to have them vote for him. But no senator with any true conception of the dignity of a United States senatorship would ever want to live in Washington, except solely and simply as a man of means and leisure. Yet there are some who do it, and scheme and plot for inferior offices, too. Look at Senator West, District Commissioner after having been United States senator, and a very poor lobbyist at that.

Several new lady lobbyists have made their appearance about the capitol this winter, and although the old veterans complain of dull times and dry pickings, the raw recruits appear to be doing a thrifty business. The female adventuresses who haunt the galleries, lobbies, and waiting rooms day after day are a queer lot. "Strange as it may seem," said a gray-haired observer of long experience, in discussing this phase of life in Washington, "a considerable proportion of the female lobbyists are honest women. You know what I mean, women who do not make vulgar commerce of their charms; but by far the largest portion are loose characters. One of the most successful and notorious lobbyists I ever saw was a beautiful brunette from the south, who made Washington her headquarters for several winters. So far as anybody about Washington ever knew she was as pure as an icicle hanging from the temple of Diana, and nearly as cold. She had senators and congressmen and grave diplomats by the dozen in her train, and she led them a pretty race. Very few women who call themselves lobbyists amount to much in that line. It is the women who are seldom seen in or about the capitol who have influence enough over votes to make their purchase an object. Men interested in lubricating or clogging legislation are seldom foolish enough to invest money in brazen professionalists. If they are really in need of just a few more votes, they sometimes ascertain who are the mistresses of certain statesmen of influence and buy them up, a trick that is by no means difficult of performance. These women generally live quite and retired lives, letting their identity and commercial value be known only to a limited few. There are men and women who are mean enough to trade on their knowledge of the passions of congressmen and there are congressmen weak enough to be governed by their fears of exposure in the disposition of their votes.

The resolution of inquiry into the practices of certain pension and claim agents is one of the most thoroughly commendable moves that has been made this session, and is of greater importance than many generally supposed. There are in Washington a number of so-called pension attorneys who have made enormous fortunes by swindling ex-soldiers over the country. Upon one pretext or another they have extorted hundreds of thousands of dollars for which no return, in service or in any other way, has ever been made, and in many cases large sums for bounty, etc., have been collected and the lions share of it retained. Some of the largest and best advertised firms in this line are the worst. Said an old lawyer to your correspondent yesterday: The town is full of sharpers, who prey off people who have claims of some description against the government. I would like to see congress open fire all along the line. The practices of certain disreputable claim agents are bad enough, but there other promising fields for investigation. For instance, inquiry might be instituted

in the interests of poor inventors who have long claimed that many of the patent lawyers of Washington are the paid attorneys of corporations and big sharps, who employ them to harass inventors who apply for patents which might clash with their interests. These lawyers, it is claimed, keep their most profitable patrons posted and whenever an unlucky inventor puts his case in their hands they prepare to systematically wear him out by delays until, in sheer desperation, he abandons his case, or sells for a song what may be worth a fortune if he had fallen into honest hands. It is an easy thing for a shrewd lawyer who knows the ropes to hold an application for a patent in "lock" for a year or two, especially if he is in possession of inside facts. "No-body questions the honesty and efficiency of the patents office. The abuses complained of are on the outside. It is undoubtedly true that there are honest and dishonest attorneys in both the branches of practice, and people throughout the country should know to whom they intrust their business. SPOT.

The Cincinnati Floods.

MANY MILES OF THE CITY UNDER WATER.

THOUSANDS DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES AND Huddled in the STATION HOUSES, SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES—THE CITY IN DARKNESS.

CINCINNATI, February 12.—The Ohio river at 9 o'clock to-night showed a depth of sixty-four feet two inches by the water-works gauge. This exceeds by eight inches the memorable flood of December, 1847, and equals that of February, 1832. The water is still rising and is likely to continue to rise for several hours. It is now almost certain that the water will go a foot higher than ever before in the history of the city. A district seven miles in length and from two to eight squares in width is completely inundated. This does not include at least three square miles within the city limits which are flooded by Mill creek. All the manufacturing portion of the city is surrounded. Several squares of commission houses, all the tobacco warehouses several wholesale groceries and a great variety of business houses are submerged to the second stories. Of the twenty-three railroads entering the city but two were able to get trains out today. No steamboats can leave or arrive. The suspension bridge leading to Covington can only be reached by a long and dangerous skiff ride. The Newport bridge is reached in the same way.

Half the street railways are blocked. The water in front of the heart of the city is up almost to Pearl street. Water, Front and Second streets, which are lined with warehouses and business blocks are raging torrents. A big coal barge was floated along Second street today. The damage to property in this region is enormous. Much was removed but a great amount of sugar, salt, tobacco produce and miscellaneous goods has been destroyed. The aggregate damage is much greater than people dare to think. There are miles of freight cars, some of them loaded, with only their roofs out of water. In the new Union Depot, which was supposed to be far above the flood limit, there is two feet of water.

Several thousand families have been driven to the second stories of their houses or have been compelled to desert them altogether. Those who are surrounded by water are unable to get food or fuel. Those who have abandoned their houses are huddled together in the police stations, school houses and churches. The Chamber of Commerce voted \$5,000 for their relief today and \$10,000 more was subscribed within a few minutes. All the benevolent organizations are coming to the rescue.

The associated charities have been engaged in distributing provisions and fuel in boats all day. The gas works were flooded yesterday and last night the supply was very meagre. To-night there is no gas at all. Candles and lamps are in use in the hotels, newspaper offices and in private residences in cases where the people were able to supply themselves.

The flooded streets are full of people rowing about on boards, rafts and skiffs. Many merchants tried to keep the water from their cellars by pumps, without success. A manufacturer of steam pumps, on Central avenue, near Second, built a dyke all around his building last night, only to see it swept away this morning and \$5,000 worth of property destroyed. The scenes over there today were indescribable.

A most pitiable case was discovered by Chief of Police Smith in a house at the lower end of Chestnut street, where a woman named Lary Hall had lost her mind and was wading around in the flood in several feet of water. She stubbornly refused any assistance. It required the united strength of four men to take her out and hold her fast in the boat. An aged woman named Hamilton, who lived on Elm street, while being lowered into a boat this morning fell and dislocated her hip-joint. She was taken to the Episcopal Church, where a great number have sought shelter. An old woman at the lower end of Walnut street was found frantically engaged in bailing out the flood through a window. She was fast losing her mind. A four-year-old child, both deaf and dumb, was found deserted at Lizzie Waggoner's house, 117 Elm street. The child was benumbed with the cold when taken out of the water. A woman in the last stages of consumption was rescued from a second-story window on Bellevue street. A family named Applegate, living on Bellevue avenue and Central avenue the father and mother prostrated with sickness, were taken out of a window this morning.

Interesting Paragraphs.

Mr. Young of Cincinnati loved his dog more than he did his wife, according to the woman's assertion, and bought for the pet a collar costing \$1,500. This is one of Mrs. Young's points in her suit for a divorce. While the brute was wearing gold and diamonds she was allowed no adornments.

A human curiosity exists in Mt. Nebo, Lebanon county, Pa., named Peter Wendling. He is 48 years of age, never had any hair or teeth, and is almost destitute of the sense of smell or taste. His skin has no pores or perspiratory glands. When at work his body gets intensely hot, and the only means of assuaging the heat is to throw water over him. He has never been sick in any sense.

A rejected lover was very melancholy at Zanesville, Ohio, and his friends frustrated him in an attempt to kill himself, then he was taken to revival meetings, in the hope that religion would comfort him. He encouraged them by becoming a demonstrative convert; but having assured his soul of salvation, as he thought he got into a haystack, ignited it, and was burned to death.

Chicago is discussing the idea of high licenses for barrooms too. The arguments in favor of that policy are substantially the same as those advanced in several other Western cities. From seventy-five to ninety per cent. of all the Chicago crimes, casualties, and pauperism is traced directly to run. Sixty in a hundred of the inmates of the city's penitentiary are by their own confession intemperate. Three-fourths of the work of the criminal courts and the police is caused by drink. A calculation made by the Lumberman's Exchange is that a license of not less than \$500 would decrease the number of bars by one-half and yield money enough to relieve taxpayers of nearly all of the costs of intemperance.

Men condemn in others what they practice themselves. Those who practice the use of Kidney-Wort never condemn its use by others, but commend it to all affected with piles, dyspepsia, constipation and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of kidneys, liver or bowels.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, Pa.

All persons concerned, either as heirs, creditors or otherwise, are hereby notified that the accounts of the following named persons have been allowed and filed in my office, to wit: Jan. 31.—The first and final account of William M. Moore and Myra Dicker, executors of the estate of Peter W. Moore, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Nov. 13.—The first and final account of Joseph Kerper, executor of the estate of Mary L. Kerkner, late of the township of Cheltenham, dec'd.

Nov. 14.—The first and final account of Marks Esser, guardian of the estate of Charles Whitman, late of the borough of Bridgeport, dec'd.

Nov. 16.—The first and final account of Joseph B. Bantower, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Nov. 20.—The first and final account of Gilbert B. Fox, guardian of the estate of Anna J. Martin, a granddaughter of said Susanna Jacoby, dec'd, under the will said Susanna, and also as guardian appointed by the Orphans' Court of said county.

Nov. 22.—The first and final account of John L. Burkert, adm'r of the estate of Benjamin F. L. Burkert, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Nov. 22.—The first and final account of William James, executor of the estate of Hannah James, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.

Nov. 27.—The first and final account of Joseph C. Smith, guardian of the estate of Benjamin F. L. Burkert, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Dec. 4.—The first and final account of Charles H. Mann, executor of the estate of Ann Fly, late of Norristown, dec'd.

Dec. 4.—The first and final account of Mary Conner, executor of the estate of Bridget Scully, late of the borough of Bridgeport, dec'd.

Dec. 6.—The first and final account of Stephen D. Kerkner, adm'r of the estate of Elizabeth Kerkner, late of Plymouth township, dec'd.

Dec. 7.—The first and final account of Albert Wetzel, guardian of Jacob Halbgewacks, a minor child of Jacob Halbgewacks, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd, (said Jacob having arrived at the age of twenty-one years).

Dec. 7.—The first and final account of Albert Wetzel, guardian of Jacob Halbgewacks, a minor child of Jacob Halbgewacks, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd, (said Milton having arrived at the age of twenty-one years).

Dec. 7.—The first and final account of Thomas Sheppard, who was guardian of Samuel P. Cornog, minor child of Lewis D. Cornog, late of Chester Co., Pa., dec'd, said minor having made choice of a new guardian.

Dec. 7.—The first and final account of Jeremiah Engle, executor of the estate of Samuel Culp, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.

Dec. 12.—The first and final account of John J. Corson, guardian of Clara Hiltner, now Clara Clair, minor child of Samuel Hiltner, dec'd.

Dec. 12.—The first and final account of Joseph W. Ambler, guardian of Jennie G. Miller, minor child of Sarah Miller, late of New Castle county, State of Delaware, dec'd.

Dec. 15.—The first and final account of John D. Shoemaker, late of Plymouth township, dec'd.

Dec. 23.—The first and final account of Charles E. Evans, adm'r of the estate of Henry P. Evans, late of the estate of Henry L. Buckwalter, late of Roystersford, Montgomery county, dec'd.

Dec. 23.—Second and final account of Rev. Richard Knauman, executor of the estate of Dennis Toney, dec'd.

Dec. 23.—The first and final account of Elwood Rhoads, Adm'r of the estate of Ann Rhoads, late of the township of Lower Providence, dec'd.

Dec. 23.—First and final account of Benjamin Green, executor of the estate of Martha Shoemaker, late of Cheltenham township, dec'd.

Dec. 30.—The first and final account of Augustus Harley, late of Pottstown, dec'd.

Dec. 30.—The first and final account of Andrew Morgan, adm'r of the estate of David Allabough, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Dec. 27.—The first and final account of Noah D. Frank, adm'r of the estate of Henry P. Evans, late of the estate of Henry L. Buckwalter, late of Roystersford, Montgomery county, dec'd.

Dec. 29.—The first and final account of Lewis R. Shoemaker, adm'r of the estate of John D. Shoemaker, late of Plymouth township, dec'd.

Dec. 30.—The first and final account of Charles E. Evans, adm'r of the estate of Henry P. Evans, late of the estate of Henry L. Buckwalter, late of Roystersford, Montgomery county, dec'd.

Jan. 1.—The account of R. E. Hoffecker, adm'r of the estate of Tobias Martin, late of Upper Merion township, dec'd.

Jan. 1.—The account of John Lambert and Richard Torpin, executors of the estate of Joseph and Torpin, late of Abington township, dec'd.

Jan. 3.—The first and final account of Charles E. Evans, adm'r of the estate of Henry P. Evans, late of the estate of Henry L. Buckwalter, late of Roystersford, Montgomery county, dec'd.

Jan. 6.—First account of Margaret Buckwalter, Edward Buckwalter and Daniel Latshaw, adm'rs of the estate of Henry L. Buckwalter, late of Roystersford, Montgomery county, dec'd.

Jan. 8.—The first and final account of John J. Corson, adm'r of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Jan. 9.—Account of John B. Detwiler, guardian of John Detwiler, minor child of John B. Detwiler, late of Perkiomen township, dec'd.

Jan. 11.—First and final account of Oswin Heeger, adm'r of the estate of Jonas Heeger, late of Marlborough township, dec'd.

Jan. 16.—First and final account of John Gannon, adm'r of the estate of Annie Hogan, late of the borough of Conshohocken, dec'd.

Jan. 16.—The first and final account of John B. Pennepacker and Charles B. Roth, adm'rs of the estate of Sarah Boyer, late of Frederick township, dec'd.

Jan. 17.—The first and final account of Joseph E. Rapp, guardian of Frank S. Reese, minor child of Hannah E. Reese, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Jan. 19.—The first and final account of Margaret Pugh and Samuel Pugh, executors of the estate of Charles Pugh, late of the borough of Conshohocken, dec'd.

Jan. 19.—First and final account of Mary J. Fulmer, adm'r of the estate of John MacGonigle, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Jan. 22.—The first and final account of Letitia K. Ambler and Elwood Ambler, adm'rs of the estate of William Ambler, late of White-marsh township, dec'd.

Jan. 23.—The first account of Margaret Casselberry, Jacob R. Casselberry and William C. Evans, executors of the estate of Isaac Casselberry, late of Lower Providence township, dec'd.

Jan. 23.—The first and final account of Jacob M. Cowden, adm'r of the estate of John Kane, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Jan. 24.—The first and final account of Mary Slaughter, adm'r of the estate of John H. Slaughter, late of the borough of Pottstown, dec'd.

Jan. 24.—The first and final account of Annie E. Steele, Edith D. Steele and Thomas C. Steele, executors of the estate of Elizabeth C. Steele, late of the borough of Pottstown, dec'd.

Jan. 24.—Final account of Charles Kriebel, guardian of Helen Landis, late of Elton Bergey, minor child of Michael Bergey, late of Worcester township, dec'd.

Jan. 24.—The first and final account of William F. Brockerman, executor of the estate of Benjamin Brockerman, late of Limerick township, dec'd.

Jan. 25.—Statement and settlement of the accounts of Henry Weisel, executor of the estate of Mary Bechtel, late of Lower Salford township, dec'd.

Jan. 25.—Account of Isaac N. Smith, administrator of the estate of Euphemia H. Smith, late of Whitpain township, dec'd.

Jan. 25.—The first account of John Kehr, adm'r of the estate of James Earned, late of the Plymouth township, dec'd.

Jan. 30.—The first and final account of Jesse B. Davis, administrator of the estate of William Twaddle, late of Upper Providence township, dec'd.

Jan. 30.—The first and final account of Susan Garber, Catharine Hildebrand, Rebecca Hildebrand, administratrixes &c., of the estate of John Hildebrand, late of Upper Providence township, dec'd.

Jan. 30.—The first and final account of Geo. W. Steiner, administrator d. b. n. of the estate of Hannah Hill, late of New Hanover township, dec'd.

Jan. 30.—First and final account of William F. Hallman, administrator d. b. n. of the estate of Henry K. Bean, late of Perkiomen township, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—The first account of Joseph Young, guardian for Abraham C. Rosenberger, late of a minor child of Abraham Rosenberger, late of Haled township, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—The first and final account of George B. Lessig, guardian of Annie L. Willauer (now deceased), a minor child of Samuel Willauer, late of the borough of Pottstown, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—First and final account of Cornelius H. Mehlhouse, administrator of the estate of Henry Mehlhouse, late of the borough of Pottstown, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—First and final account of Cornelius H. Mehlhouse and George B. Lessig, executors of the estate of Hannah Mehlhouse, late of the borough of Pottstown, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—The account of Mark H. Richards, administrator of the estate of William Roberts, late of the township of Alloway, Mich., dec'd.

Jan. 31.—Third and last account of Rebecca E. Minter, John Thompson, Charles Rutter and Mark H. Richards, executors of the estate of William Minter, late of Pottsgrove township, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—The first and final account of Susan C. Walters (late Susan C. Gandert), administrator of the estate of Joseph C. Gandert, late of Upper Providence township, dec'd.

Jan. 31.—The first and final account of Rachel Staley, administratrix of the estate of Daniel Staley, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.

Feb. 1.—The first and final account of Walter S. Jennings, administrator of the estate of Geo. W. Hurst, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Feb. 1.—Final account of Daniel Poulke, testamentary guardian of Horace L. Rosstter, a minor child of Jean Rosstter, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd, said Horace L. Rosstter having attained the age of twenty-one years.

Feb. 2.—First account of Margaretta Seiser and Dilworth Wentz, executors of the estate of John D. Wentz, late of Cheltenham township, dec'd.

Feb. 2.—The first and final account of Philip S. Getty and William Getty, administrators of the estate of John Getty, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Feb. 2.—Account of William A. Freas and S. Powell Childs, executors of the estate of Thos. Freas, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—First and final account of Rush B. Smith and Frank L. Smith, executors of the estate of Joseph C. Smith, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—The first and final account of Joseph Reifsnider and George W. Reifsnider, executors of the estate of Moses Reifsnider, late of Limerick township, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—The first and final account of Elizabeth Gray and Evan G. Jones, adm'rs of William Gray, late of Lower Merion township, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—The first and final account of Benjamin B. Hughes, adm'r of the estate of Sue May Nye, late of the township of Upper Merion, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—The first and final account of Abraham G. Schwenk and Wilfred L. Stauffer, administrators of the estate of Franklin K. Stauffer, late of Perkiomen township, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—Account of John A. Weber, adm'r of the estate of Ferdinand Byer, late of the township of Pottsgrove, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—The first and final account of D. K. Hatfield and William M. Gordon, executors of the estate of Mary Ann Grier, late of the borough of Pottstown, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—First and final account of Joseph P. Conard, adm'r of the estate of Andrew Reiser, late of Whitmarsh township, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—First and final account of Samuel L. Cowden, adm'r of the estate of Charlotte Cowden, late of the borough of Norristown, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—First account of Alfred S. Miller, adm'r of the estate of Ezekiel Potts, late of the borough of Bridgeport, dec'd.

Feb. 3.—The final account of William J. Rees, guardian of George Gouldy, minor child of Franklin Gouldy, late of the township of Norristown, dec'd.

J. ROBERTS RAMBO, REGISTER.

ENTERPRISE CARRIAGE WORKS!

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The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that they have reopened the Carriage Manufactory, (formerly occupied by W. Blanchford) and are prepared to fill all orders promptly and satisfactorily.

ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

LIGHT AND HEAVY WORK, RE-PAIRING done in the best manner. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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CORNER STORE,

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Cottage Suits, Finest Colors, Plain and Paneled,

Spun Raw Silk, and Hair-Cloth, Parlor Suits,—New Designs.

Wardrobes, Book-Cases, Sideboards, Cupboards, Desks and Sinks. Extension,

Breakfast, Centre, and PARLOR Tables. Lounges. Some Beautiful Pier Mirrors with console tables—marble tops—

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SPRING MATTRESSES

Of the Most Durable and Comfortable Kind to fit any Bed.

Husk, Hair and other Mattresses.

TAPESTRY, INGRAIN, RAG, HEMP,

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Oil-Cloths Oil-Cloths! Oil-Cloths!

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